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The Poplar Leaf May, 1916

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The Poplar Leaf



Chapel Hill High School

MAY, 1916

Vol. I

No. 3



THE ELEVENTH GRADE

Lillie Whitaker, William Lindsay, Agnes Andrews, Wendell Hudson,
Vera Pritchard, Lillian Durham

The Poplar Leaf

Published Quarterly by the Students of
the Chapel Hill High School

Vol. 1

MAY, 1916

No. 3

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THE POPLAR LEAF

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Peterkin's Christmas

Once upon a time a little boy named Peterkin lived on the edge of the forest. His father was a woodman and his mother was dead.

He was a curly haired, blue eyed little fellow of seven years. He was very fond of the wild birds and on cold days would often go without his breakfast so he could feed them.

One day a crow was out in a cornfield. A farmer came up from behind and shot at him and broke his leg. The crow flew feebly away and when he came to the edge of the forest he dropped down as if dead.

By and by Peterkin came along and when he saw the condition of the poor crow he felt so sorry for it that he carried it home.

That night he set the crow's leg and put him in a box by the fire.

The crow stayed with Peterkin until he could hop about.

One day the father was brought from the forest. His fellow woodmen had found him unconscious where he had been cutting a tree. The tree had crashed to the earth burying the unfortunate man under it. He was mashed very badly.

The doctor was called. He said the father would recover but it would take a long time.

One night the father called Peterkin to him and said,

"I am afraid Old Santa won't come down the chimney this Christmas."

Now Peterkin was a very little boy and he had been looking forward to Christmas for a long time. He was of course disappointed.

All this the crow saw and heard. He said, "Peterkin has been very good to me. I'll go to the fairies and ask them to help."

When the crow found the fairies he told them about Peterkin. Yes, the fairies would be glad to help.

Early Christmas Day the fairies crept down the chimney of Peterkin's home. They decorated the mantel piece with holly and things for Peterkin's father. Many beautiful toys, that only fairies can make, they gave to Peterkin.

When Peterkin awoke and saw all the pretty things he laughed and cried for joy. His father was also much pleased.

"This has been the happiest Christmas I ever had," said Peterkin that night and his father agreed with him.

FRANCES PRESTON VENABLE, '20.

Marjorie's Sorrows

It's awful to be living
And kicked around like me,
Always to be called "Marg"
Instead of Marjorie.

When I am in school
And speak a single word,
The teacher thinks I'm awful—
And the worst she ever heard.

Sometimes when we are practicing
I accidentally kick the ball,
Then they think I am fooling
And I feel no good at all.

I shan't worry any more,
Nor look on the dark side;
But live and be a little saint
And always with saints abide.

MARJORIE TENNEY, '18.

“As You Like It”—Up-to-Date

The great bleachers at Northwestern University presented a very brilliant picture one cold November afternoon. Pennants were waving, and ribbons fluttering, the white and maroon colors shone on one side and gold and black on the other. The great annual game was on. The band on one side was playing the stirring strains of “Go Chicago!” The cheer leader on the other was waving his arms while a host of enthusiastic rooters added to the din with the sharp quick staccato of the Northwestern yell with a long drawn out “Or—lan—do” on the end. At the sound of the name all the Northwestern rooters seemed to grow wild, “Or—lan—do” they shouted over and over.

Prominent among these rooters was a group of girls, with their chaperon. Their somewhat subdued cheering and repressed manner showed plainly that they came from some boarding school. Two of these girls were very noticeable, both because of their beauty and because of their intense interest in the game. The taller of these two girls was a dashing brunette with sparkling black eyes, a clear olive skin and riotous black curls. Her manner was rather impetuous and seemed almost to overawe her companion, who was smaller than she and had the delicate features, baby-blue eyes, and yellow curls that one instinctively associates with dependent natures.

“Say, Celia, how on earth do you suppose Miss Prude *ever* happened to come across and bring us this afternoon? Seems to me that she would have known we *might* see one of those dangerous objects—a *real man*. Honey, I believe I’ll die if I have to stay at that hole much longer. Of all deadly places!” The speaker was the tall brunette. The little girl looked somewhat apprehensive as she answered.

“Rosalind, dear, do please don’t speak so loud, suppose Miss Prude hears you!”

“Celia, it’s a plain mystery to me how I ever happened to be a first cousin to a natural priss! I feel exactly like flying

today! To think we are really and truly seeing something worth while!"

"Priss nothing, Rosalind Senior! You think every one who doesn't want to be a red cross nurse one day, a movie actress the next, and a militant suffragette the third is a priss. I want an adventure as much as you do, suppose we fall in love."

"Who with, I'd like to know? Old Touchstone, the janitor, or Monsieur?"

"Why not Orlando, that famous half-back for Northwestern that every one is raving about?"

Rosalind immediately turned her attention to the game.

"I can't see him, Celia, they all look alike in those funny suits. Wish I could fall in love with him. Anything for a change."

Just then every one became tense with excitement for the game was at its height, Chicago was ahead and everyone in the Northwestern bleachers was discouraged. Suddenly Orlando secured the ball and made a spectacular dash for the goal. Right through Chicago's line he charged, then sidestepping their backfield, he tore off eighty yards for a touchdown, evading his opponents. He planted the ball behind Chicago's goal and the game was won.

"Great Caesar's ghost! Celia, I claim he is a Prince." The remainder of Rosalind's comment was lost in the wild yell of the Northwestern men.

The girls of Miss Prude's school were just as enthusiastic. Cheers and shrieks rent the air, pennants were waved, and as the victorious team passed by the bleachers, Orlando borne on the shoulders of his friends, their cheers became nearly frantic. The huge yellow chrysanthemums tied with black, which each of them had worn, were snatched off and flung wildly at the team. As may be easily imagined all of this demonstration failed to meet the approval of Miss Prude.

"Young ladies, I am surprised," was her comment. "Come down at once and fall in line. Please walk to the cars in a dignified manner and cease gazing at those noisy, boisterous men. And, Rosalind, is it too much to ask that you do not

disgrace the entire institution with that noise? Your hat is awry, my dear, you look positively frightful!"

"Do I, Celia?"

"No, you look sweet, she's a hateful old piece and she picks on you all the time."

"I have a notion to slip out and leave, she's the hatefulest thing! Murder Celia, I've lost my purse, the pretty silver one Daddy gave me! What can have become of it?"

"You must have dropped it when we were throwing those flowers. What shall we do?"

"We shall do nothing but proceed to the cars," came Miss Prude's acid tones.

Just then Rosalind turned her head. Right behind her was Orlando, the hero of the day, smiling courteously as he handed her her bag. As he lifted his cap to go she asked, "How on earth did you know it was mine?" With another smile he held up the palm of his hand. In it was a snapshot of a girl's face—beneath the fuzzy white "Tam" her own roguish eyes smiled.

"To the victor belongs the spoils," she said, but Orlando was too embarrassed to reply. The line of girls was hurried on and he was left standing.

It was only for a moment though, for his companions called, and with a muttered "she's a peach," he joined them.

After the girls returned to the school Miss Prude summoned Rosalind to the office and reprimanded her again for her "unladylike" conduct. Tired, cross and very miserable Rosalind returned to her room.

"Celia," she said, "I cannot endure this place another day; she has campused me for six weeks. I mean to run away from here this very night. Come on, there is a moving picture studio out at Hyde Park and they will give us a place, I know. Come on, Celia, please."

"Rosalind, I don't really want to," Celia said, "but I certainly can't stay here with you gone, so I'll go—but how can we get out?"

"Down the fire escape, Touchstone will let us out the gate and then it's away to freedom for us."

"Rosalind, we can't go down street at ten o'clock at night without a man."

"Idiot, I've thought that out," was Rosalind's contemptuous reply, "I'm going to wear Billy's suit which he lent us for the play. I'm tall and it will fit me. You wear your heavy suit and be my sister. Now let's hurry."

An hour later a strange couple entered the busy station, a slight graceful boy with two heavy suit cases and a charming girl. The boy bought two tickets and pulling his cap well forward, he slouched to the obscure corner where the girl had already sat down.

"Celia," he whispered, "for mercy's sake cheer up, people will think I'm a black hander abducting you."

The announcement of an approaching train drowned the reply. Snatching the suitcases he hurried the girl out and they climbed on. Their surprise and dismay was great when they discovered the Northwestern foot ball team in the same car with them. Rosalind turned up her coat collar and pulled her cap over her rebellious curls.

Everything was going smoothly and there appeared no danger of their being recognized when a creaking, grinding sound was heard, the car lurched forward and was thrown from the track. The lights went out and in the darkness a girlish shriek was heard.

"Rosalind, answer me, dear, are you killed? Somebody please come!"

"Right here, lady," said a deep voice and a pocket flash light revealed a tragic scene. The slight figure of Rosalind dressed in her brother's clothes lay across two broken seats, her cap had come off and her black curls lay in wild profusion over her face.

"Great Scot, it's my picture girl," and with this the strong arms of the great half back seized the limp form. "Here Oliver," he called, "come and help the other lady," and he hurried out of the car. The cold wind on the outside revived

Rosalind and when she raised her head from Celia's lap her eyes fell on Orlando.

"Why? What? Where?"

"Right here, little girl, I don't think you are hurt, and it's only a slight wreck, what I want to know is"—but Orlando stopped.

"I know what you want to know and I'll tell you," Celia said. "You want to know what we are doing here. Well, we are running away. Miss Prude fussed with us"—and here Celia burst into tears.

"Don't be a baby, Celia," but tears were in Rosalind's eyes, too. "We wanted to be actresses."

"Your Grandmother's tabby cat," said Orlando, "you are going right back to that school tonight, you're going to slip in and get in bed so that no one will be the wiser. Can you walk?"

"Yes, I can," and the strangely subdued Rosalind meekly leaned on his arm and limped to a nearby house.

Here Orlando secured a machine and drove the girls back to school. Scraps of conversation floated back to Celia and Oliver on the back seat. This was one scrap.

"Billy Senior's sister! of all things!"

"See here, don't you ever tell him of this."

"Do you think I am a bone head? My one object will be to get him to invite me home with him Christmas."

The girls slipped back up the fire escape and into bed, not sadder and wiser but happier and wiser.

Orlando secured his invitation and Rosalind came back after the holidays with a pretty solitaire on the fourth finger of her left hand. She was much more contented and Miss Prude frequently commented on her improvement.

MARY TAYLOR, '17.

Trip to Elon

On March 11th the girl's basket ball team left on the afternoon train for Elon College.

It was a very warm day and the Chapel Hill train was hot and dusty as usual, so the girls were glad to take an hour's rest at University station. One of the girls had a large box of salted peanuts and we were having a feast, when Mr. Tennent came by and took them away from us, saying that basketball girls should not eat peanuts. Later we saw him eat them all himself. A party of Trinity Park boys amused us very much at University pitching horse shoes. One of them had a very wide bracelet on his arm. We were sitting on a pile of cross-ties looking on, and he was very careful to keep it on the arm next to us.

The trip from University to Elon was a very quiet one until Grady Pritchard got on the train at Burlington. Then everybody, except Mr. Tennent who was asleep in the back of the car, tried to talk to him at once. We were met at the train by a large crowd of college boys and girls, who escorted us to the dormitory. Marjorie Tenny, when one of the boys politely offered to carry her suitcase for her, immediately informed him that "she did not know him" and ran and stuck her head between Miss Minish and Mr. Tennent.

After we had rested a few minutes we were invited in to a good supper. Everybody was very tired and hungry, so we ate everything that was put before us. However, Mr. Tennent fussed at us during the whole meal for eating so much.

We were very much disappointed when we learned that the boys would not be allowed to see the game. Mr. Tennent even had to vow that he was married before he could referee. However, we would have likely made a better showing if they had shut him out, because he admired the Elon girls so much that he even refereed in their favor, calling fouls on us almost every minute. Our team was very much torn up in spirit after

the game. Three of them were crying and one made the statement that "Mr. Tennent never did like her anyway."

Immediately after the game Miss Minish 'phoned to Chapel Hill to make known the results of the game. We then had a nice little luncheon and went to bed very tired and sleepy.

VERA PRITCHARD, '16.

Heard in the Mountains

It was early afternoon, and the mountain road lay part in shadow, part in sunshine. To the right lay the Valley, calm and still, except for one or two half-hidden farm houses. The scene on the left of the road was different as could be imagined. The side of the mountain rose up steeply, and the dense growth of rhododendron, which even in places overhung the road, spread all through the woods at the feet of the tall trees which grew thick and undisturbed. Everything was as nature had made it. There was no sign of man's interference.

As they jogged along up the road Martin and Anderson both gazed with quiet pleasure on the tranquil scene, Martin with the interest of a stranger, and Anderson with the attachment of an old friend to familiar landmarks. Suddenly, however, as they turned a curve, a new sight met their eyes. It was a mountain funeral procession, pathetic in its bareness and poverty. The plain coffin lay in a rough mountain wagon drawn by a bedraggled mule, while half a dozen buggies followed it. As the first buggy passed they saw the typical mountaineer family,—the father tall, gaunt and ungainly; the mother work worn and faded, dressed in a checked homespun dress and a grey slat bonnet. There were two children, also in homespun and slat bonnets, crowded into the bottom of the buggy. It was the occupants of the second buggy, however, who attracted Martin's attention. They were a man and woman dressed in the height of fashion, unmistakably of gentle blood and breeding. Yet in the refined face of the gentle woman there was a marked resemblance to the woman who had passed just before her. Different as they were, there was an undefinable likeness. The remaining buggies were filled with ordinary mountaineers about whom nothing unusual was apparent. Interested in the pathetic little procession, and particularly in the likeness between the two women, Martin asked his friend if he could account for the presence of the two strangers and especially for their resemblance.

"It's a long story," answered Anderson, "and begins a long time back when I was only a boy, but we've got a long drive before us, and I think the story may interest you."

"Indeed it will, I am sure," replied Martin. "I am always interested in unusual incidents."

"Well," began Anderson, "it was shortly after the war between the states, when the man whose funeral we have just passed, first came to this section. He was then a young man, handsome and well-bred, yet silent and uncommunicative. He gave his name as Abner Johnson. Shortly after his arrival he began to explore the woods around town, and at last having determined upon the situation (about ten miles up this road) he hired the village carpenter, and with his help began work on a small log cabin. When this was finished he bought or built the few articles of furniture which were necessary and settled down to live in solitude, for though courteous when approached he discouraged all advances. He might have lived in a different world for all we knew about him, except that he received by mail once every month what we rightly guessed to be a remittance, with which he bought his meagre supplies. Also, he received at intervals large boxes of books, which he paid dearly to have hauled to his cabin.

"Five or six years passed in this way and we knew no more about him than when he had just come. Then one day the gossips of the neighborhood astounded every one with a very strange piece of news. Johnson had been to see a young girl who lived a few miles farther up the mountain road than he, evidently for the purpose of courting her. He had seen her, he said, down in the village and liked her looks very much. Indeed, in a surprisingly short time he asked her hand. Neither Hattie (the girl's name was Hattie Bradley) nor her father had any objection to this, so after a little while they were married. After the marriage Johnson received the money and books as before, but in many ways he became like an ordinary mountaineer. Indeed, he even took up moon-shining, and became noted in the surrounding country for his skill in it.

"The years passed, and four children were born to them, two girls and two boys. The second and youngest of these, who, were boy and girl respectively, when they were still quite young Johnson took down the mountain to the little town of H——, which is on the main line of the railroad, where they were met by a strange man. Johnson confided the children to his care, and returned to the little mountain cabin. The stranger, with the children, boarded a north-bound train. The other two children remained here and grew up as ordinary uneducated mountaineers. In time they married mountaineers of the same type. As time went on old Mrs. Johnson grew feeble and finally died leaving her husband again the sole inhabitant of the lonely cabin. It was then that I became interested in the old man and bit by bit drew his story from him. It seems that he came from one of the best families of Boston, and that his real name was Henry Allingford. As a student at Harvard his prospects had seemed the best imaginable. Young, talented, handsome, well to do, he was happy also in the love of a beautiful girl, Anne B——, also of Boston. His one fault was his wildness and his great love of gambling. He from time to time became involved in several minor scrapes, from which his father or his elder brother Richard always extricated him. At last, however, he became entangled in a more serious affair. One night, in a dare-devil spirit he forgot himself and wildly risked more and more at the gaming table, until he found himself deeply in debt. He was in despair. He could not tell his father, for some time before, when he had paid him out there had been a scene and he had sworn that it should be the last time. However, if he did not pay at once the sharpers to whom he had lost threatened to tell his father, and that would be still worse. It was while he was in these straits that one of the sharpers suggested counterfeiting to him and offered him a place in a small band of counterfeiters. This Johnson, or Allingford as we must now call him, accepted gratefully, and by this means extricated himself from his difficulties. However, he only found himself in deeper ones, for the govern-

ment was hunting down the band of counterfeiters, and Allingford found himself in constant danger of arrest. Indeed he would have been arrested had he not been warned just in time for him to board a train just starting through for the South.

"Most of the band also fled, but one or two of them were tried and given hard sentences. When it was learned that young Allingford had had part in the crime, his father, deeply humiliated and angered, disinherited him, refusing to hear his son's name or to answer the letter which young Allingford wrote as soon as he decided on his stopping place. Allingford also wrote to his elder brother, and to his sweetheart. They both remained faithful to him, though forced outwardly to appear to have forgotten him. It was from his brother that the money came, and from Miss B—— that the books came. It was the brother who came to take the children north, and it was Miss B—— who brought them up.

"All that happened a long time ago. And now she is dead, but you saw the two strangers in the funeral procession? Those were the children who were sent North. An interesting story, isn't it?"

JANE TOY, '18.

County Commencement

On April third, Orange County held her first annual County Commencement. The day was a success from every possible point of view and particularly so from ours.

We left Chapel Hill on "The Limited" at eight o'clock. Our trip over was fairly uneventful, and we reached Hillsboro at eleven. Miss Brooks, Miss Minish and Mr. Tennent met us and told us that our float was at the top of the hill. There were numbers of floats around the station, all of them very pretty, but we thought ours was the prettiest, and the judges agreed with us. It was a large wagon massed with red white and blue bunting. In the center was a throne draped in white on which stood the Goddess of Peace. Just to her right stood "Uncle Sam" and to her left "Miss Columbia." In the front of the wagon was a miniature battle ship guarded by a very attractive "middy" and in the back was a dangerous looking cannon mounted on a turret with an efficient looking soldier boy to shoot it. The soldier and sailor held aloft a banner inscribed with the words "Peace thru Preparedness."

We lined up just behind our float and marched from the station to Cameron Park. We must have looked well in line for the judges decided that we won first place in marching.

Immediately after the speeches we gave two May Pole dances, one by the high school and the other by the grammar grades. The setting for the May Pole was exquisite, a green meadow stained with butter cups, while the dancers in white and the green and pink ribbons of the May Pole added to the lovely picture.

After the May Pole we had dinner and then we went back up town for the contests. As soon as these were over we left for home tired and happy.

Next morning Mr. Morrison read the list of prizes we had won, and we found that we had ranked first of all the county schools. The prizes were: For teacher doing most to eliminate adult illiteracy, Miss Shell; high school recitation, Mary Taylor; composition, Frances Venable; most picturesque float,

Chapel Hill School; best line of march, Chapel Hill School; track meet, Chapel Hill School; high jump, Jack Hogan; broad jump, Jack Hogan; hundred-yard dash, William Suitt; junior hundred-yard dash, James Foister; junior broad jump, James Foister.

VERA PRITCHARD, '16.

District High School Meet

The literary and athletic contests of the East Central Division of the state high schools was held in Durham on April 24, 1916. This was a very interesting and important day with the high schools of this district. The contests were under the management of the Durham Chamber of Commerce, which gave various prizes to both literary and athletic contestants. The prize for which the schools as a whole struggled was the handsome loving cup, known as the Bugg Cup, which was given by Mr. E. I. Bugg, of the Malbourne Hotel, to the school winning the highest number of points in both athletic and literary contests. This we are proud to say we won, although the Graham High School was a close second. In our various contests we ranked as follows: In the track meet we obtained third place, winning several second places, and Jack Hogan of course won first place in the high jump. In girl's Basket ball we received first place, although we did not play as our opponents failed to arrive.

Our declaimers were Mary Taylor and James Stafford. James had a fine speech and made a good impression, but was on the wrong side of the judges. Mary took second prize. We were represented in spelling by Thomas Wilson who received third place, and in composition, by Jane Toy, who also received third place. We scored in all thirty-five points.

WM. LINDSAY, '16.

The Poplar Leaf

Published quarterly by the students of the Chapel Hill High School.

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NELL PICKARD, '17.....Associate Editor
COMMIE McLENNAN, '18.....Associate Editor
CHARLES CATES, '19.....Associate Editor
FRANCES VENABLEGrammar Grade Editor

BUSINESS MANAGER

EDWIN TENNEY, '18

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THOMAS WILSON, III, '17

JAMES PHIPPS, '18

Editorial

There is a ringing note of optimism in every article that has been handed in for this issue of the Magazine. We all feel that greater things are in store for us. Athletics, debating, dramatics, a glee club and all sorts of plans are seething in our brains for next year. We feel that this spirit in the school is worth a great deal to us. With our improved facilities for work, with this desire to do good work and with the co-operative spirit our outside activities have developed we should go forward.

The retiring board of editors wish to thank the rest of the school for their help this year. We know the magazine has been a little crude, "A poor thing sir, but our own," and we want to look forward to a better year next year. Let's think about our magazine this summer and begin the very first of next year to elect a good board of editors and business managers and then help them to make next year's POPLAR LEAF a credit to our school.



DEBATERS

Thomas J. Wilson, III	Mary G. Taylor
William L. Lindsay	Cary Whitaker
Aff. vs. Graham	Neg. vs. Burlington



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM—STATE CHAMPIONS

Standing—Mr. Tennent (coach), Jane Tenney, Lyda Riggsbee, Carrie Tenney,
 Nell Pickard, Marjorie Tenney, Mary Taylor, Viola Cheek
 Kneeling—Lillian Gattis, Alice Gattis, Nellie Sparrow

Athletics

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COMMIE McLENNAN	<i>Athletic Editor</i>

The Girl's Basketball team has been unusually successful this season. Of the nine games played, only one was lost. By this record we have undisputed state championship.

The Basketball cup given by the East Central Division of State High Schools was won by our team. A cup was won in the East Central Contest held at Greensboro last year. The team also contributed twenty-five points toward winning the Bugg Cup. The success of the team is due in large measure to the untiring efforts of Mr. Tennent and Miss Minish. The girls on the first team are Jane and Carrie Tenney, forwards; Mary Taylor, center; Marjorie Tenney and Lyda Rigsbee, guards. The second team has contributed very much to the success of our record this year by their faithful work and they are strong enough to interest the first team in a match game. They are: Alice Gattis, Lillie Merritt, and Viola Cheek, forwards; Lillian Gattis, center; Nell Sparrow, Nell Pickard and Maria Cole, guards.

The games played are as follows:

Wilson at Chapel Hill: Wilson 12—Chapel Hill 27.

Wilson at Wilson: Wilson 13—Chapel Hill 8.

Burlington at Chapel Hill: Burlington 2—Chapel Hill 22.

Burlington at Graham: Burlington 4—Chapel Hill 25.

Elon College at Elon College: Elon College 10—Chapel Hill 19.

Durham at Durham: Durham 25—Chapel Hill 33.

Durham at Chapel Hill: Durham 13—Chapel Hill 30.

Asheville at Chapel Hill: Asheville 5—Chapel Hill 53.

Kinston at Chapel Hill: Kinston 7—Chapel Hill 13.

NELL PICKARD, '17.

ATHLETICS IN THE PAST AND FUTURE

The results of the years 1915 and 1916 have shown us that we have some athletic ability, and that we can do something in athletics if we make an effort. Until last year the Chapel Hill High School had no representative athletic teams.

In the year 1914-'15, we started with a basketball team. We did not advance very far in basket ball, playing only three games but this was a good beginning. We had no foot ball team at all and as spring advanced the boys failed to take an interest in a track team, later in the spring we "scraped up" a little baseball team and played a few games, but we never became trained in baseball.

The beginning of this year we could not secure a ground so we had no football team, but we devoted the last part of the fall term to basketball. Although we did not get in the interscholastic finals, we had a good schedule, winning eleven out of seventeen games. These games included teams from the largest towns in the state.

We started late in our track work this spring, but we did fairly good work, Jack Hogan won county, district and State championship in the high jump. We ranked third in the East Central meet at Durham and won the county meet at Hillsboro.

But with all due regard to the past, we look forward with great hope to the future and that is when we are going to shine in athletics. With our new field to play on and the excellent material we have, although we do not expect to win the cup, we are going to put out a corking good football team.

The greatest hope we have for next year, however, lies in our basketball team. With practically all of our men back we are going to have a team, and a team that will bring honor and glory to our school.

With an improvement next year as great as this year's over last, we are going to take the cup or we are going to make it interesting for somebody before we lose it. We will also have a better track and baseball team.

Athletics stir up school spirit in general and have a great

influence in making the student do better school work. With these facts true, and our good prospects there is no reason why the Chapel Hill High School should not take a leading place in High School athletics for the year 1917.

WM. LINDSAY, '16.

On the Green

AGNES ANDREWS, '16.....*Editor*

Mr. Blair of Guilford College visited us recently and gave us a very interesting talk on Peace.

Mr. Tom Hunter of Fayetteville spent the day in our school recently and told us a number of good stories.

Dr. Hamilton of the University lectured to the second and third year High School classes on The French Revolution, April 30th.

Mrs. Toy made us a very interesting talk about our part in clean up week.

Mr. Patton and Mr. Smith have both held opening exercises for us in our new Chapel.

Miss Mabel Brooks, of Goldsboro, spent a week with her sister Miss Olivia Brooks, May 16 to May 20.

Miss Irene Hoke of Greensboro Woman's College visited Miss Minish, April 19.

The third year Physics class paid a very interesting visit to the electrical laboratory of the University, May 15.

In a preliminary contest held in the Di Society hall May 1st the speakers chosen to represent us in County Commencement were Mary Taylor and Frank Durham. Mary's recitation was "The Negro Party" and Frank's speech was "The New South."

In the township preliminary for County Commencement held March 25th at Peabody building, Estelle Lawson won

first place in primary story telling, Marvin Wilson in grammar grade declamation, the first grade in singing and James Foister the hundred yard dash and broad jump.

ASHEVILLE RECEPTION

On Saturday evening, March 25th, the High School gave a reception to the Asheville girl's basketball team, at the home of Vera Pritchard.

The hall and parlors were very beautifully decorated in the Asheville H. S. colors and potted plants. The dining room was equally as attractive in the C. H. colors and jonquils. Those present were the Asheville boys at the University, the two basketball teams and the teachers. The evening was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone present.

TENTH GRADE PARTY

The tenth grade entertained the eleventh at the home of Nell Pickard on Friday evening, the 12th of May. The guests were received on the porch where a contest was held. Refreshments were served in the dining room, which was very attractively decorated with ferns and roses.

Out-of-door games were played and Miss Minish and Mary Taylor added greatly to the success of the party by reciting some very clever selections.

EIGHTH GRADE RECEPTION

On March 31st after the Graham—Chapel Hill debate the eighth grade gave a reception in the Peabody building. The debaters from Graham were Miss Zelma Hornbuckle and Mr. Thomas Cooper. Those representing Chapel Hill were Thomas Wilson and William Lindsay. Those present were the High School students, the visitors from Graham, and the officers of the debate.

SCHOOL RECEPTION

The school gave a reception in the new building on the

13th of May from 4:30 to 6:30 P. M. The guests were received by the teachers in the hall and library. The school children conducted them through the building. Punch was served in the principal's office by the High School girls.

The interest of the townspeople was clearly shown by the large number which attended.

OPENING OF OUR NEW SCHOOL

The new school building was opened on May 12th. Rev. W. R. L. Smith and the members of the school board were present. Dr. Herty, Prof. N. W. Walker, Mayor Roberson and Dr. Abernethy made very interesting talks. On account of the auditorium chairs not having come, we sat in Japanese fashion. But that only added to the pleasure of the occasion.

The boys' high school club held its last meeting Tuesday afternoon. It was a very interesting one. Mr. Steele made a good speech about what friendship really means if it is applied in our daily life. We were also interested in the emphasis that he laid on the necessity of doing something for the benefit of the poor in and around town. The further business of the club was to organize a baseball team for the summer. Henry Ledbetter was elected manager and Ed. Tenney captain. The boys seem to have the spirit to do things and intend to put out a strong team.

The club has been a very successful movement considering that this is the first year there has been such an organization in the school.

However, next year since we will have a new school building and a nice convenient place for our meetings we hope to get more boys into the club and to make it one of the best things in connection with our school work. We also as a club wish to thank Mr. Steele and Mr. Boushall of the University for their co-operative work with us.

In the coronation scene in King Henry V the flower girls,

canopy bearers and halberdiers make a most imposing display. Miss Minish played Dame Quickly in this play.

The last scene of the afternoon was two May Pole dances, which were lovely. The dainty shepherdesses and handsome shepherds were from the High School and the lovely fairies and jolly clowns from the 4th and 5th grades.

Exchanges

The High School Enterprise, Raleigh High School: We think this is a very interesting magazine. "I'm Done" is a very clever poem.

The Hill Billy, Asheville High School: Your magazine has some very good short stories. "How Topsy Got Her Christmas" is particularly interesting.

The Messenger, Durham High School: This is an all 'round good magazine. The cover design of this issue is very suggestive of the season.

The Statesville High School Magazine: Your anniversary number is one of the best High School publications we have ever seen.

The Shamokin News, Shamokin, Pa., High School: Your exchange department is splendid. We like the idea of a long exchange list very much. It will go far in bringing high schools all over the country in touch with each other.

The Winston-Salem News, Winston High School: We envy you your own print shop and admire your paper very much.

Cherry Leaves, Cherryville High School: A good beginning.

We acknowledge receipt of: *The St. Mary's Muse*, Raleigh, N. C., *U. of N. C. Magazine*, *The Acorn*, Raleigh, N. C., *The Tattler*, Elizabeth City, N. C.

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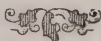


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JUNE 13-JULY 28, 1916

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